

Vol 22 #

**THE
CRESCENT**
PACIFIC COLLEGE
DECEMBER, 1910

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THE CRESCENT

VOL. XXII.

DECEMBER, 1910

NO. 3

Four Poems

By Alexander Hull

It has, of late years, become the fashion among writers, especially those who expect their writings to be polemically discussed, to preface them with an analysis. It has many advantages, this new fashion. It clears up many difficulties—as the child's label of "a man," "a cat" or "a house" clears up what might otherwise cause some misapprehension as to the subject of its first artistic endeavors. And better still it enables one to hit his critics first. When you have read the "poems" that follow it is very probable that some of you will think I have done quite right to begin with an apology.

Someone will likely say, "Why those aren't poems, they don't rhyme!" But personally I don't think that will need an answer; I do not conceive that rhyme is essential. But someone else will say "metre is essential

and there is no metre." There is *intended* to be nevertheless. It is often irregular, generally so, perhaps I had better say, intentionally so, perhaps I may as well say, lest you should suppose I had tried to make it regular and failed. Verse that is too musical grows in a few lines very tiresome reading. Then I am addicted to the use of alliteration and you will find that had I used perfect rhyme, regular metre and frequent alliteration the result would have been all honey with no bread and butter to spread it on. If you grant me the right to use this style—I am perfectly willing you should characterize it as a decadent if you wish—then I am nearly through apologizing.

These four etchings are in the main descriptive and may be denied the right to the title of poetry because they express no *truth*. It all depends upon what you mean by truth. They everyone express a *reality* and I cannot see how it shall matter whether that reality be merely the portrait of a mental state or the grandiose exposition of some great moral truth. Besides, one must not forget that an artistic or poetical truth maybe, and often is, a far cry from an ethical or a scientific truth. For a discussion of which I might refer you to the writings of Oscar Wilde, Tolstoi, Whistler and a host of others.

One word more, and I have done. The theme of the last of these four will be familiar to some of you through Tennyson's poem. It is intended in this case to be symbolical of the pagan ignorance that lies hidden in us—in everyone of us, I am almost tempted to say—of our destiny and was written about the phrases, "who are we, whence came we and whither do we go." The idea of the Lotoseaters expresses this wonderfully aptly. One other of the four is symbolical—number two. The oth-

ers, as far as they seem to you to mean anything at all, will mean what they apparently say.

Etching I.

Aye, and slender she; yet think you not
 She's slender as the bowing river weed,
 Nor yet like willows weeping o'er the plot
 Where Helen and her sister beauties lie
 Asleep. Not thus is she; but just enough
 Of fair firm flesh is added to her form
 To make you careless say, "Not slender." Stuff
 That Helen, too, might envy,—those throat colors warm,
 Her arm's rich tinting—; hair so finely spun
 Of soft red gold that the web by zephyr blown
 Thro' autumn woods—athwart a bough—by the sun
 Drenched and washed,—that web and that alone
 Could rival in lightness and brightness her crown. Two eyes—
 Not gray nor green, and yet between—that melt
 Mistily in mine, with love that lies
 Too heavily to e'er be more than felt.

II.

A passion-pale princess with golden hair
 Darken'd in the shadows of the yew,
 Above—a sunless summer haze-veil'd sky—:
 Below—the voice of silence and the palsied poplars
 A-shaking in still, breathless air; all dull, depressed,
 Foreboding strangeness and despair to fill the heart
 Left wild, weird waste by Passion's devastating fire.

III.

The Field of the Cloth of Gold!
 A myriad of poppies—
 A wealth untold
 Of orange and gold,
 They drowsily nod
 In the warmth of the sun;
 And set in their midst
 A maiden, with hair of their hue
 With eyes of a match with the blue

THE CRESCENT

Of the turquoise; a face all rosy
 As a burst of applebloom,
 And a smile that's at one with the sun
 As the poppies and he are at one
 'Tis my love in a May world of green
 In a field of gold, 'neath a sky of deep blue.

IV.

There lay the galleon, motionless
 As a great tired bird; her sails hung limp,
 Her cruising o'er. Deserted; her very use

Forgot—forgot—forgot and lost
 In that lotos land of listless life.
 And stately ladies, whose little pages bore

Their silken trains, held silent court
 With sad-eyed cavaliers, or walked
 By the bank of the stream in grass that all was bleached,

Or plucked the wan flowers that all blew yellow.
 Afar, and sometimes near, great firs
 Loomed large, like praying phantoms, with shaggy arms

Outstretched, and faces turned toward Heaven—
 Yet prayed in vain, for He that dwelt there
 Had forgot. The mellow golden light

Filt'ring through the haze shone soft
 On pallid faces, purposeless:
 Dream lost in those far fields of forgetfulness,

With all hope gone forevermore
 Beyond that fatal flower and land,
 Beset by strange and ceaseless pain of longing

For the joy of other days,
 Dimly felt, yet unremembered,
 There dwelt the foolish band that ate the flower.

THE CRESCENT

Echoes From The Past.

Not only the proper but also the most interesting study of mankind is man. Just as no individual is completely known until his personal history and that of his ancestors back thru several generations is known, so does a true knowledge of humanity very largely depend on our knowledge of the story of the life of the human race on earth. There is nothing more fascinating than this world-story of Man's evolution in soul and body thru ages unnumbered. What a wonderful record would be the Autobiography of the Soul of Man? Why might not God write for us a history of the origin of life on this earth and its evolution thru the ages? But the divine plan seems to be that Humanity should work out its own Autobiography—just as it is slowly but surely working out its own salvation.

And indeed what wonders Man has already accomplished! He is actually somewhat stunned by his own progress; as Nordau puts it, it truly seems that "its own new discoveries and progress have taken humanity by surprise." Probably man is balked most of all by his discoveries concerning his own racial history, fragmentary though they are. His study of his own soul and body, together with his wonderful modern knowledge of all life, reveals things of which he has never dreamed before or at least about which he has done nothing more than dream. His physical structure and spiritual character, now more fully known, suggest strange things about his origin and progressive development toward his present state of being. At first these suggestions react on his bump of self-esteem and he hesitates to follow them up, or perhaps he forces them

into his own thought-mould and commands them to mean what he wants them to mean. But now, thank God, man is gradually losing even the desire to explain away these echoes from the past.

The full-fledged evolutionist upholds the theory that man's ancestry is to be traced back thru countless ages to some one of the higher primates—in all probability the anthropoid ape. He would say that a horde of monkeys chatters and swings in the furthestmost branches of my ancestral tree. And yours too.

Nor is this all there is to this dire evolutionary heresy. Our modern evolutionist brings forth this further proposition:—"Man is descended from a Silurian fish." Nor does our evolutionary theory sink here in a watery grave; it leads us yet farther back thru ages gone, but we will linger awhile with the Silurian fish and the anthropoid ape.

What are the facts which at least suggest a connection between human beings and these lower forms of life? Indications that man ages ago "came out of the sea," as it were, are not wanting. Several physical vestiges of a former watery life have been brought to light. In many children traces of gill-clefts are seen as lighter spots on the neck and most biologists think that the middle and outer ear are derived from gills. Then too, echoes of this sea life are heard reverberating in the soul of man. Are those not ancestral experiences which come to the fore in sleep, when we feel ourselves floating or gliding thru the air (or water)? Is it not possible that lungs have taken the place of swim-bladders? Again, what of that wellknown longing of boys to go to sea and the striking love all children have for water and the fact, as shown by one investigator, that a large proportion of all truancies is due to the "old swimmin' "

hole?" Finally we know that a large number of land animals have "backslidden" and are again in their old watery home, even though not true fishes. Such are whales, seals, walruses and beavers.

If there are echoes in the soul floating back to us with such suggestions of a "sea-faring life," the facts pointing to a life among the tree-tops in primeval forests ought to be called reverberations, so much more numerous and definite are they. Of course this is to be expected. Millions of years must have elapsed between Silurian fish and anthropoid ape and no doubt even the memory of the subconscious mind flags somewhat in that length of time. Proofs of man's origin from other primates is now strong. There are first of all the evidences seen in man's physical structure. With the exception of the organs of speech man presents no absolute difference in anatomical structure from the anthropoid apes and of all the races of men, those most savage are known to be most closely related to the simian in structure. Here too, it is worthy of note, that there are about seventy vestigial structures in the human body, which seem to have no use and which indicate a connection with lower animal forms. The less civilized the group of people we study the more numerous and striking are such muscular movements as are shown in the clinging and grasping power exhibited by savages. No less full of meaning is the well known grasping power of the human infant, which shows this tendency among the earliest and instinctively bends its fingers around anything they may touch. The very life of a monkey depends on his ability to grasp the branches in this fashion.

Mental reverberations of our one-time life in the forest are numerous and suggestive. Why certain

fears which most human beings exhibit? Thus we experience a fear of thunder and lightning out of all proportion to the danger for modern man. But these were primal perils for life in the tree-tops, which are virtual lightning rods. We show a fear of snakes, instinctive and inexplicable for us, but a very menacing danger for monkeys, being probably their chief enemy, since they can escape most other animals. And there is that universal fear of falling and instinctive dread of high places and in spite of this that overmastering desire to climb, expressing itself almost from birth. Boys perform marvellous feats in climbing and we all "have a hankering" to get up on high places and look down. Monkeys slept among swaying boughs and today mothers most often put babies to sleep by rocking to the tune of "rock-a-bye-baby-on-the-tree-top." We know that one of the most potent qualities of man's social nature is the tendency to imitate and of all humans, savages and children are most adept in this. The analogy to the monkey tribe, most imitative of all animals except man, is hinted at in our verb "to ape."

If we hear dream echoes of a former sea life we would certainly look for like experiences suggestive of arboreal life. We are not disappointed. Many have persistent dreams of snakes and the dream of falling seems to be a universal human experience. Jack London attaches great significance to the fact that we always "fetch-up" without mortal injury. This experience, being a dream memory of an actual trip thru the air taken by one of our simian ancestors who has perhaps slipped his hold on a branch, would be impossible unless the aforesaid ancestor caught himself enroute on some branch or at least did not receive mortal injury on striking the ground.

Now finally a recent discovery has, in the opinion of some filled up the gap between the highest primate and the lowest savage. In the island of Java (where today we find the lowest types of the genus homo) have been found the skull-cap, femur, and molar teeth of a creature which has been named the Javan and which stood erect and was of the average height of man.

Such then are some of the intimations of the physical and spiritual pedigree of man. But the end is not yet. For if we trace back the lineage of terrestrial life we cannot stop at the fish stage. Scientists now find the simplest and most elemental form of life in a jelly-like substance called proto-plasm and the consistent evolutionist traces all the complex forms of that divine energy we call life to the contractile movements of a bit of this same proto-plasm.

And does all this make the human soul—and body—any the less divine? On the contrary, I cannot but think that, with this wonderful modern vision, we must feel that a human life is far more wonderful than any miracle—that the human body is the most wonderful of things that are seen—temporal—the human soul the most wonderful of the things that are unseen—eternal. I have said that human life is more wonderful than any miracle. It is a miracle. Its growth and evolution into higher and more complex forms slowly comes about thru the interaction of the forces of nature. But its origin—its creation—is *super* natural; at the very least it is beyond what we now know of nature. Man has made use of his inevitable test-tube and subjected this wonderful proto-plasm to analysis and endeavored to build it up again by synthesis, but so far as creating life is concerned it has all been in vain. Herein he stands ignorant in the presence of the Creator of Life—the

Universal Intelligence—God.

And thus we find religion re-enforced by science, which, "standing on the very threshold of sentient life" as Hudson expresses it "beholds indisputable evidence of an antecedent, omniscient intelligence."

These echoes from the past call up before our minds visions of the future. The progress of man as a social being since he first appears in history has surely been most marvellous—but there is yet far more to be achieved. "Politically," says Lester F. Ward "man is still in the Stone Age, socially we are yet savages." The seemingly necessary costs of progress are frightful in nature and extent, but we look to the future full of faith in the further evolution of humanity to a social state which is now undreamed of (except by some few) and in which "there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain; for the former things are passed away."

P. F. B.

"My cocoa's cold," sternly announced the gruff old gentleman to his fair waitress.

"Put on your hat," she sweetly suggested.—Ex.

"My task in life," said a pastor, "consists of saving young men."

"Oh," replied Alice, "save a nice looking one for me."—Ex.

THE CRESCENT.

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A hush of sorrow has been brought over the entire student body by the passing of one of its members. Andrew T. Winslow, a student of the Academy, died Dec. 4 after a few days' illness with pneumonia. This was his first year among us and he had already a large circle of friends in the college and town. We are glad to have the knowledge that he told his parents during the first part of his illness that he intended henceforth to live for Christ. The *Crescent* desires to express the sorrow and sympathy of the students and faculty.

Cupid's Work

Miss Ruth Wiley '07 and Mr. A. Astelford, of San Francisco, were married at the home of the bride's parents at Rex, Thursday, November 24, at twelve o'clock. They left immediately for San Francisco where they will reside.

Miss Bessie Warner, a graduate of Pacific Academy '10, and Mr. Clinton Bates, of Roseburg, Ore., were married at the home of the bride's parents, Thursday, November 24th. Both young people were well known in college circles and we wish them a long life of happiness.

Athletics.

Now that the football season has closed basketball is in full swing. Some of the smaller and lighter fellows who were not heavy enough for football will have a chance now to show their ability. Smith, Lewis, Armstrong and Rasmussen of last year's team are back in school again and with the abundance of new material that is turning out every evening we ought to put out a winning team.

Manager Armstrong is working hard on the schedule for after entering the league late we will have to do the best we can. There will probably be no games until after the Xmas vacation.

FERNWOOD 15 PREPS 24

After being defeated by Fernwood the Preps were more than anxious to win the return game at the college gym, Dec. 9. The Preps team work showed up fine and Fernwood was never within striking distance. The Preps have a good team and we expect to hear from them later.

K. L.

Locals.

Laura Hammer spent Thanksgiving vacation at her home in Lents.

Prof. B. Did any of you boys go to church Sunday afternoon?

Jack. Lloyd went down that way but I don't know whether he ever got to church or not.

We notice P. F. B. wears a D stickpin now.

Publicity managers are in style at college now especially at the dorm.

Leo (In Latin) That's a question.

Mrs. H. What kind of a question?

Leo. An interrogative question.

Measles have kept several from school the past month.

Claude Lewis, Claude Newlin, Richard Williams, Harry Haworth, and Russell Parker attended the Y. M. C. A. convention in Eugene, Dec. 2-4. They gave a report of the convention in chapel Dec. 11.

Miss Beck (In Scripture class) I had my dates all right but got my men confused.

Pres. Reagan went to McMinnville Friday, Dec. 9, and then on to Dallas where he refereed a basketball game between Dallas and Philomath Colleges. The former won 44-14.

The Academy defeated Fernwood in a basketball game at the College Gym, Dec. 9, by a score of 24-15. The Academy line-up was: Parker and Hadley, forwards; Pearson, Center; Haworth and Benson, guards.

Prof. Weesner has conscientious scruples against mistletoe, but it is not so with Miss Beck.

The Senior Preps defeated the college Freshmen and Sophomores in basketball Friday, the 11th, the score being 36-18.

Lester Moore has been absent from school on account of a fall he received several days ago.

Pacific College has entered the basketball league and it is expected that the games will commence soon after the holidays.

Mr. G. H. Greer was with us in chapel Dec. 6th. The next day being his seventy-fourth birthday he gave us some of the experiences of his life. His beautiful quotations are always enjoyed.

Prof. Johnson (In 1st Chemistry) What would you get by heating, Mr. Weatherhead?

Correct Answer. Hydrosulphuric acid.

Roy Fitch visited school Monday, Nov. 28.

Rev. Harry Hays, the Evangelist who held meetings in the Friends Church, addressed the students a number of times at chapel and association meetings. His messages were very helpful and a feeling of interest and responsibility was aroused among the students. Several took a new stand for Christ and his work.

Jean Denovan and Mary Hester spent Thanksgiving with Miss Elma Paulsen at her home in Chehalem Center.

Wanted a vocabulary, by Olin Hadley so he will know what to call "that little word in front there."

Ruth Wiley '07 visited chapel and classes Tuesday, Nov. 15.

The Sophomores invited the Freshmen to "a jolly good time" in the Association room Friday evening, Dec. 9th. After playing some lively games it came supper time and the Sophomores proceeded to put bibs on the Freshmen and gave them bread and milk to eat while they feasted on more fanciful food. Prof. Brisenden was "chaperon" and was treated as a Freshman. The look which came over his face when his bib was pinned on was indescribable. Since they behaved so maturely the Freshmen were finally given something more substantial than bread and milk to eat. All report a pleasant time.

Rev. Elmer Pemberton, Supt. of Evangelistic work of Oregon Yearly Meeting, led chapel Tuesday, Nov. 15. He spoke from the text, "Thy gift shall make room for thee and cause thee to stand before kings." He also visited classes Nov. 15 and 16.

Exchanges

The publishing of a high school paper without advertisements is very unusual, but this is what the *Kodak*, Everett, Wash., does.

The *Comet*, from Austin, Texas, has a very good

November issue, but the neat appearance of the paper is spoiled by the full page advertisement among the reading material.

The Orderly. Your December issue shows a decided improvement over the preceding ones.

The *Kuay*, Seattle, Wash., our latest exchange is one of the best we have.

Whirlwind, Albany, Ore. Why not separate your advertisements from the reading material?

Guilford Collegian. Guilford N. C. your story, "Store Scandal," is very good, also your alumni notes.

Franklin Academy Mirror, Franklin, Neb. More work on part of your editors would improve your paper a great deal. This also applies to you, *Gates Index*.

Willamette Collegian made its debut on our exchange table last month. It is newsy and well edited.

Philomath College Chimes, your paper is improving with every issue but why not use larger type so we could read it easier?

We hope to see the *Tahoma*, of Tacoma on our exchange table again. Your paper was always instructive and helpful in every detail.

"*University Life*," Wichita, Kansas. With the new cut the appearance of your paper has doubled. We waited with anxiety for your yellow edition but it has not showed up yet.

The organized student body of O. A. C. has severed their athletic relationship with the University of Oregon owing to existing feeling in the disgraceful brawl after their annual gridiron battle.

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